Vol. II. Numb. 98.

The British Apollo:

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by a Society of GENTLEMEN.

From Monday February 6th. to Wedneſday February 8th. 1710.

Q. GEntlemen, *Pleaſe to render a Solution to the ſubſequent*, ſcil. *As touching Election: Suppoſe a Man be Elected, what need is there of his own Endeavours and Pains, as to the Work of his Salvation, ſeeing the Elect cannot fall ſhort; and if not Elected, then he may, as I think, lye ſtill, for what ſignifieth his Endeavours. Pray Clear this for Your Humble Servant*, G.B.

A. We have formerly ſhewn at large (to which we refer you) that our own Endeavours are Inconſiſtent with Abſolute Election; and that, ſince we are commanded to uſe our own Endeavours (*Work out your own Salvation with Fear and Trembling*) it thence follows by Neceſſary Conſequence, that the Scriptures teach us no ſuch thing as Abſolute Election.

Q. Reſpondent Sages, *Pray oblige your Adorer with an Exposition on* Mat. 23.35. *where our Saviour Diſplaying the Cruelty of the* Jews *in killing the Prophets, calls* Zacharias (*who was ſlain between the Temple and Altar*) *the Son of* Barachias, *who was the Son of* Iddo *the Prophet*, Zach. 1. 1. *Whereas we have no account in Hiſtory, that* Zachariah *the Prophet, the Son of* Barachias *and Grandſon of* Iddo, *was put to death by the* Jews. *That* Zachariah, *who we read, was ſton'd to death*, 2 Chron. 24. 21. *is Expreſsly Call'd the Son of* Jehoiada *the Prieſt*, Ver. 20.

A. The *Zacharias* our Saviour mentions muſt notwithſtanding be the ſame that was ſtoned in the Court of the Lord's Houſe (2 *Chron.* 24. 21.) For the Scripture makes mention of no other *Zacharias* that was killed. Nor is it probable that our Saviour wou'd give an obſcure and uncertain inſtance of Jewiſh Cruelty, but rather one that was notorious, and that too confirm'd by Authority of Scripture; nor cou'd his Auditors underſtand him ſpeaking of any other but this, whoſe Memory was famous amongſt them. This is further confirm'd by the Place where he was kill'd, which was in the Court of the Temple. For the Altar of burnt Sacrifices was without the Temple, between which and the Temple was a Part of the Court of the Temple, which was a void Space without any Roof, as *Joſephus* and *Philo Judeus* informs us. The only Difficulty is, that this *Zacharias* (who is here called the Son of *Barachias*) was (2 *Chron.* 24.) the Son of *Jehoiada* the Prieſt. To this it may be very well anſwered, that the Father of *Zacharias* had two Names, *Jehoiada* and *Barachias*. For it was uſual amongſt the *Hebrews* to change their Names into others of the ſame or near the ſame Signification. Thus was *Solomon* called *Jedidiah*, and *Judas*, *Thaddeus*; and ſo may *Jehoiada* be called *Barachias*, becauſe theſe Names ſignify near the ſame Thing, that is, a Confeſſor and Bleſſer of the Lord. In the *Chaldee* Paraphraſe *Zacharias* is call'd the Son of *Iddo*; and our Saviour might uſe the ſame Liberty of calling him *Barachias*, that the *Chaldee* Paraphraſt did of calling him *Iddo*. Beſides, he is expreſly called the Son of *Jebarachiah* (*Iſa.* 8. 2.) and is there joined with *Uriah* the Prieſt, who was the firſt Martyr under the firſt Temple, as *Zachariah* was the laſt. From whence we may reaſonably conclude this *Zachariah*, mention'd by *Iſaiah*, is the ſame that is called in *Chronicles* the Son of *Jehoiada*, and by our Saviour the Son of *Barachias*.

Q. Gentlemen, *Why are the Jews, who have loſt their Love, ſaid to wear the* Willow-Garlands. *Your Anſwer will oblige Yours*, G. K.

A. Becauſe *Willow* was in ancient days, eſpecially amongſt Herdſmen and Ruſticks, a Badge of Mourning, as may be collected from the ſeveral Expreſſions of *Virgil* in his *Eclogues*, where the Nymphs and Herdſmen are frequently introduc'd ſitting under a *Willow* mourning their Loves. You may obſerve the ſame in many *Greek* Authors, I mean Poets, who take liberty to feign any ſort of Story. For the Ancients frequently ſelected and as it were appropriated ſeveral Trees, as Indexes, or Teſtimonials of the various Paſſions of Mankind, from whom we continue at this day to uſe Ewe and Roſemary at Funerals, in Imitation of Antiquity. Theſe two being *Repreſentatives* of a Dead Perſon, and *Willow* of *Love dead*, or *forſaken*. You may obſerve that the *Jews* upon their being led into Captivity, *Pſal.* 137. are ſaid to hang Their Harps upon *Willows*, *i. e.* Trees appropriated to Men in Affliction and Sorrow, who had loſt their Beloved Sion.

Q. Apollo, *Pray pleaſe to return an Anſwer to the following Queſtion: What is the Reaſon that two ſuch ſoft Metals as Copper and Block-tin mix'd, a quantity of each together, ſhould make one ſo very hard and brittle, as is Clock Bell-metal. Your ſpeedy Anſwer will Oblige Yours,* W. A.

A. This happens from the Fire, which opens the Pores of each ſo as to make a perfect Coalition, or Union of both, adapting the Particles of one to a more cloſe Union between Themſelves, than They can ſeparately and apart attain. For we ſee Copper in it ſelf is ſoft, and full of Pores; ſo is likewiſe Block-tin, tho' not ſo porous as Copper, as by it's weight may be eaſily conjectur'd. Therefore the leſs porous Body in melting either enters the more porous, which is moſt probable, or the more porous entring the few Cavities of the more ſolid, adds to it compactneſs, and from the Union ariſes the hardneſs of the Metal, when conjoyn'd. All ſolidity of Body ariſing from the moſt intimate Union of Particles, and the cloſer thoſe Particles are united, the harder and more ſolid the Body is, as appears in Operations of Condenſation, in many Particulars too numerous here to be recited.

To the *Britiſh Apollo.*

Q. Gentlemen, *I am an Admirer of Painting and can draw the Features of a due Proportion, and in their true places, by which I have often made ſeveral Pictures very like, but yet ſome Perſons I cannot draw like 'em, altho' I make the Features, there is ſtill ſomething wanting, to give the Likeneſs, which I cannot diſcover, ſo conſequently I cannot help. If you can give me any aſſiſtance in this Caſe pray do, and in return I will draw your Picture, altho' I don't know you. Think not this ſtrange, ſince every Common Dauber, will upon notice given, paint you any of the Patriarchs, or* Adam *and* Eve, *and ſwear 'tis ſo like them, that any body who ever ſaw them will know the Picture. I am Yours,* &c.

A. The beſt Method to take the likeneſs of a Face (ſuppoſing you to be a Maſter of Draught, and have the Compaſs in your Eye, as Artiſts term it) is, after which good Obſervation, you have plac'd the Eyes, to obſerve in the Perſon who ſits, under what part of the Eyes, the Noſe, Mouth, Chin, &c. come, and under what part each Feature terminates, which you muſt carefully conſider and Meaſure in your Mind, before you place them. But in Regard many Perſons have regular Features, and which are not particularly remarkable, but are diſtinguiſh'd by a certain Air which brightens their Looks, eſpecially in Speaking, Smiling, &c. which in ſome ſmall degree alters the Poſition of their Features, you muſt be very nimble to catch thoſe Airs, the better to do this, endeavour to keep them up, by Diſcourſe which hits their Humors, and facetiouſly divert them, which if your Talent will not reach, engage ſome Friend to entertain them, and by this means you may make him more like, than ever Painter drew the Patriarchs, or than you will draw *Apollo* before you ſee him, therefore we freely releaſe you of your offer.

Q. *There has been a very familiar Correſpondence between a Young Woman and my ſelf, you muſt know our Fortunes are very far different. Now, we both are mutually, as I think, engag'd, but ſhe being of a meaner Birth and Poor withal, I can't put the Queſtion to her, not but that I love her. Now, ſhe tells me often we muſt not Marry becauſe of our Inequality, and when ever we meet ſhe is for getting ſomething or other of me perpetually, and her Requeſts are no ſmall ones, ſo that I am dubious whether ſhe loves me as a Lover, or for the things which ſhe often has of me, ſo that I know no one more fit to adviſe with than* Apollo, *and if you will tell me how to prove her Fidelity, you will oblige Your Moſt Humble Servant.* I. M.

A. If She refuſes to marry you, when the Advantage is ſo much on her ſide, and yet accepts your Gifts, we wiſh we cou'd give her Deſign a better Name, than making a *Cully* of you.

Q. *Dear, Kind, Sweet, Obliging, Engaging, Compaſſionate, Complaiſant, Bright, Glorious and Illuſtrious* Apollo, *which I think are more Titles, than ever any gave you at once. I am, as I may ſay, an Elderly Maid, turn'd of fifty; who in my Youthful Days, had Charms enough to Captivate Gentlemen, Knights and Lords, but alas! now they are fled and with them all my Lovers. I then was Obſtinate to all the ſtrongeſt Importunities, but now ſhou'd be compliable to the weakeſt; but woe is me, I meet with none, for the Curſe of Poverty attends my leſs of Youth. Yet there is a way, if* Apollo *wou'd be propitious, to retrieve my Youth, Charms and every thing, and that is by the Acceſſion of a vaſt Eſtate, for never any was Ugly, Old, or Ill natur'd that had that. Now, I have ran'd 10 Pounds for a Lottery Ticket, in hopes of* 1000 *l.* per annum. *My moſt humble and fervent Requeſt is, that the moſt Courteous* Apollo *wou'd oblige his Devil of Delphos to aid me in obtaining of it, and in Grateful Return I will promiſe your Godſhip my Maidenhead, which you may ſuppoſe a very Extraordinary one, having ſtood ſo many Aſſaults and Batteries, and when I have ſo carefully preſerv'd it for ſo many Years. Your Votreſs,* Deborah.

A. Poor, Diſtreſſed, Forlorn, Deplorable, Antiquated, and Superannuated *Deborah*, which are no more Titles than you frequently meet with; we muſt by no means aſſiſt you, leaſt your Good Fortune renders you a Precedent, for others to hold out long Seiges, in hopes of Reward for their Ill-nature, and ſo ev'n *Apollo* himſelf be obliged to ſuffer double Fatigues for compaſſing his Amorous Deſigns. Therefore be contented with the Satisfaction of telling old Stories to an unbelieving Auditory, of what once you was, and might have been; whilſt your Penitent Tears (if your Corkey Compoſition affords ſo much Moiſture) make that Impreſſion on Blooming Beauty, that dreading the fatal Conſequence of Obſtinate Denials, they ſurrender in time on honourable Conditions, before they grow too contemptible to have them accepted off. As for your Maiden-head, *Apollo* thinks that Preſent of little value, which requires 1000 *l. per annum* to get it off of your Hands

A Letter ſubſcrib'd Corydon, *informs us, that our Paper has not been left for him this Quarter, but our Servants aſſure us that they leave all in their Walks ſubſcrib'd for, therefore we deſire a more particular Direction.*

POEMS.

A Rejoynder to Apollo's *Reply on my Objection to his Lines on* Content.

Q. PErmit Me then, whom nor inglorious Eaſe,
Nor yet inſatiate hopes of Action pleaſe,
To ſerve my God, my Country and my Friend,
Howe'er ſuch Offices my Eaſe offend.

Give me the golden Mean, ſomething to do,
Foreign to Reſt and Over-action too;
And if High Poſts unſought for come to hand,
I'll ſerve for Service-ſake and not command,
Where tho' Advanc'd, as Calmly as when low,
I'll hear the daſhing Leaves with ſtedy Brow.

BIBLIOTHECA BO

The

The Ship becalm'd an heavy Log appears,
An Useless Burden as the Ocean bears;
But what a Glorious Object then is She,
When quickned by a Gale, and in a Rowling Sea.
The Unambitious Mind yeilds no remorse,
It's Temper, not it's Rank, bestows the Curse,
What Trouble sits upon the Greedy Face?
What Horrors are the Pillage of a Place?
Were I to mount the Chariot of the Sun,
I'd drive like Phœbus, *not as* Phaeton,
Like Him some Hours I surely too wou'd find,
To Cultivate Retirement and a Friend.
Thus wou'd I take the Pleasures of a Grot,
And make for some short time what's not my Lot,
How much does Privacy afford of Joy,
To One whom frequent Bus'ness does employ?
Who ne'er was Sick, ne'er nicely reliſh'd Health,
Nor He who wanted not the sweet of Wealth,
Nor he who's Unimploy'd, the Bliss of Ease,
For Contradictions make each other please.
How charming is the Morning after Night?
How bright the Sun after the Moon's pale Light?
When Winter's gone, how sweet the Spring comes in?
What Pleasures rises from the shifted Scene?
Let then the humble Hermit in his Cell,
Imagin, if he please, that All is well,
And let th' Ambitious Wretch contend for Pow'r,
Amidst his Plenty, thirsting after more,
I'll envy neither State, for both are wrong,
The Mixture is the Burden of my Song.
No sullen Look shall hang upon my Brow,
If not from gawdy Equipage I bow,
Supported by some Office, God knows how?
Yet, without Call, I'll thrust into the Crowd,
And hear the Whisp'rers and the Talkers loud,
And speak my Judgment for my Country's Good.
Where such Phænomena of State appear,
As make Wisemen accordingly prepare,
For He, of all Mankind's the least accurst,
Who does what Good he can, and then defies the worst.

A. Extremes are own'd to be a narrow Field,
But the vast Distance 'tis, forbids to yeild;
Yet by Advance with mutual Steps essay'd,
A Concord of Discordant Notes is made;
Thus, whilst you from Ambition's Mount descend,
We'll Climb, tho' with Fatigue, to meet our Friend;
So Weights on either side the Globe are prest,
Close to the Center, and there find their Rest.
Our Days are fretted out in Noise and Strife,
And Ease and Lux'ry are the Rust of Life;
We tempt the Gods by too Aspiring Flight,
And by Descending lose our selves in Night.
Since nothing in it's self is real Bliss,
But as enlarg'd by Opposites it is;
We seek for Perfect Happiness in vain,
For the true meet is but Release from Pain.
Thus Rest is only sweet on Labor past,
And Food delightful on Tormenting Fast;
Thus flowing Bowls, when Thirst Assails us, Please.
Thus Health is Relish'd after a Disease.
Thus Racking Cares make soft Retirement sweet,
Thus Friends we after painful Absence Greet.
Thus after direful Storms a Calm we bless,
And Action Prize when tyr'd with dull Recess,
Nay, Love that Balmy Passion of the Mind,
By little Jars and Crosses is Refin'd,
Whilst undisturb'd 'twill Sink and Languid Grow
Thus to Afflictions all our Joys we owe.
Our Life is Chequer'd out with various Cheats,
More obvious than a Cunning Jugler's Feats,
Not worthy the Fatigue, except with Skill,
We change their Natures and discharge the Ill,
By Blending the Sublime with the Reverse,
The Solid and the Serious with the Farce,
By shifting Scenes let Business some time please,
And then a Relish of Luxurious Ease.
But if our Country's or our Friends Affair
Shou'd Scenes of greater Industry prepare,
May Satisfaction for the Good we do,
Attone for all the Ills we undergo;
And that an Equilibrium will Obtain,
For Ballancing the Pleasure with the Pain.

Q. *What Genius 'twas that di'd the Art invent,*
The lively Image of a Voice to paint;
Already You have told. What now remains?
But that You shew by whose laborious Pains,
The useful Art of Numbring first was brought
To light, and to th' Admiring World was taught.

A. The first Inventer of this Art, we find
Was *Alr'ham*, then the Greatest of Mankind;
He to the wite *Egyptians* then did show,
The Num'rous Streams which from those Foun-
tains flow. (tains flow.
The Rudiments at first be'ng only taught,
Pythag'ras after to Perfection brought.

In last Paper, Col. 4 l. 45. for *Mi[illegible] Manner.*

SIR,

LONDON, February 8. We have Advice from Vienna of the first Instant, that an Express was arriv'd there from the Hague, upon which arrival a Cabinet Council was held, in which Prince Eugene assisted, and 'tis said that all the Conference, which lasted long, was upon the Affair of Peace, that also it had been confirm'd that the Malecontents had been defeated by the Imperialists, in which the first lost above 3000 Men, all the Artillery Baggage, some Colors, &c.

General [illegible] is marched from Cracow, with the Body of Muscovites under his Command, for the Frontiers of Hungary, upon Advise that the King of Swed n was set out from Bender, with a Body of Swedes and Tartars, in order to return into Poland, and 'tis reported that the Sultan has lent his Majesty a Considerable

Conſiderable Sum of Money for his Journey and for the Payment of his Troops.

They write from Milan of the firſt Inſtant, that General Count Thaun ſet out thence on the 29th paſt for Vienna, after having given Orders for the ſubſiſtance of the Troops, as alſo for the March of the Reinforcement for Catalonia, and 'tis ſaid that General has demanded of that Dutchy a yearly Subſidy of 100000 Piſtoles for the Subſiſtance of his Troops, beſides the Forage and other Neceſſaries which the Country People are oblig'd to furniſh. The Duke of Tuſcany is ſo well recovered from hir Indiſpoſition, that he is in a Condition at preſent to appear abroad.

They write from Paris, that notwithſtanding the Courier which had been diſpatch'd for the Hague was not yet arriv'd they continu'd to talk of Peace. 'Tis ſaid that 4 Plenipotentiaries are to be admitted in the Negotiations of Peace.

The Letters from Madrid ſpeak of the Great Preparations they are making there for carrying on a Vigorous War, and that the Troops that were quarter'd in Eſtramadura had made Excurſions into Portugal, from whence they had carry'd with them a great quantity of Cattel.

The Letters from Edenbourg of the 31 ſay, that the Papers concerning the Proceſs and Sentence againſt Mr. James Greenſheilds are getting ready to be ſent to Court, in order to the purſuance of the ſame before the Houſe of Lords, according to his Appeal, and that Mr. William Skinner, that was lately ſent preſent with him had drawn up his Defence and ſent it to London, in order to be Printed there. Which is all from Yours, *&c.*

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

THIS is to Certify, that I *Hendre Bevirige*, living at *Kerkordie* in *North-Britain*, having for many Years been troubled with a Flux of Humors in my Eyes, by which I loſt one, notwithſtanding all Endeavours to prevent it, and the other being greatly weakned. I hearing of Mr. *Grant*, OCULIST of *London*, I made my Application to him, who in a little Time, by the uſe of means, removed the Cauſe, and I am now Reſtored to a competent Degree of Sight. Witneſs my Hand, *Hendre Bevirige.*

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